Of the British and Boers In the South African War-Wild Tribesmen May Take Sides In the

Savage warriors may add terror to the usual light sait saitable for that "sunny struggle setween Great Britain and the clime." but no amount of instilled Eng-Boers. Everlasting enmity exists be- lish ideas and no amount of English drillfacen the Boers and the fanatic Kaffirs, ing has been able as yet to convert them to the use of the rife or the field gun and it is not improbable that the sturdy Intehmen will have to reckon with their old foes. It is only a few years since the Ghourkas were their most hated foes. teenes of savagery prevailed not exceed. Woe to the British square that could not the early days of America.

The story of the attack upon the Van Boers' house was surrounded. The inside of the stockade was filled with naked savages. Beyond the ramparts were bundreds of others Steadily with calm hundreds of others. Steadily, with colm. deliberate aim, the Boers fired, and at every shot a Kaffir bit the dust. The brave defenders of the homestead wiped the smoke out of their eyes and never moved out of the loopholes. Not a single one of the Boers was injured in this part of the fight. Savage after savage was bored through and through with lead, and still the cruel, relentless firing con-

terror for the Kaffirs. They climbed the stockade in a steady stream, and no sooner was one laid low than another steppe up to take his place. So the fight went on until the house was set on fire is the ultimate object of Kathr fighting, when the Boers have been imprisoned and caught like rats in a trap. They brought piles of brushwood, which was placed around the ground on the outside

Even while the flames mounted high from the ruins of their once happy home-stead the brave Boers kept up a sullen, hopeless firing until just before the roof fell in. Then all was still within the house. Suddenly the wall burst out by the force of an explosion, and then all was a hopeless mass of burning, blazing ruins. To blow up the magazine had been the last patriotic work of the brave

Four days later, when the Van Vechtan homestead was visited by neighbors, was a smoking mass of rains. Where there had been the happy home of peace-ful, liberty loving citizens was now a black, unsightly mass, smoldering and fitfully blazing. The barns and the outuses were all gone, the mill was burned to the ground, and an abandoned plow standing in a furrow showed where the peaceful work of husbandry had been ar-rested. The stock on the farm had all

The Kaffirs did not even stop to bury their dead, but left them steeped in their blood on the field of battle. But where were the brave Boers who had made such a stubborn resistance until the inst hope was gone? They were among the group of sorrowing and vengeful Boers who visited the homestead on that day after the outrage, vowing that this work of plunder and destruction should be wip-ed out in blood. How had they escaped?

The foresight of these settlers in Africa's savage wilderness had provided for the time when they should find themselves surrounded as by a ring of fire and blood. Transvaal homesteads do not underground passage leading from the cellar to some adjacent stream or hill. Such was the case with the Van Vechtans. A small earthy passage a short distance underground through which but one person could pass at a time led for



plateau upon which the house was situated. One by one they had all passed through this channel of delivery and es-

The Kaffirs are not the only savages expected to participate in the war. was recently announced that the Basu-tos, the fierce tribe of hill men inhabiting the inland country bordering on the Transvaal, were going to east their lot with the Boers. Great was the satisfac tion among the Dutch farmers at this annonncement. They realized that they had received a valuable addition to their fighting farte and that the Englishmen had a tough nut to crack in the naked slack man who fought only with a knot-

nonncement came the information that the Ghourkas from India had signified their intention of fighting for the "white empress" and desired to enlist against

What caused the "bonu little fighting as the Scotch soldiers in India are wont to call the Ghourkas, to desire a brush in South Africa no one can say. Perhaps they had heard about the Basu tos and their methods and the thought of the old time fighting at close quarters

The Ghourkas as a race are little, broad is heard far up and down the river or to shouldered men. They form a part of the regular English army in India. They are before the hunter is ready to receive his

When England first fought in India, rd, if equaled, by the Indian warfare in stop with its guns the ourush of the little an old girl-the last leaf on the tree-gomen as they ran into close quarters.

Vechtan homestead shows the character that was wonderful, avoiding the clum- girls. Quit it, old girl; quit it! Reform, Vechtan homestead shows the character of fighting between the Kaffirs and Boers. The place was surrounded by a stockade, into which the Kaffirs planged with demoniac yells. They were only went on, the Ghourkas began to fracer of the character o separated from the brave Boers by the nize with their ancient enemies until the gling. - Hinwatha World. distance of a few feet. Every side of the | colonial policy of old England put them into a khaki uniform and turned the deadly blade against the foes of the

> along with them in peace, but the Scotchmen as a rule have taken a fancy to



GHOURKA OF INDIA. them. A little five foot Ghourka and a big six foot Scotchman walking together on parade grounds is at once a comical and a common sight.

These little men, indeed, will be useful to England in the coming struggle, for the Transvanl has 600 miles of borner exhave a cyclone cellar, but many have an posed at every point, with 100,000 natives waiting the first opportunity to sweep down not only on the British soldiers but also on the Boers themselves.

> have been moving about among the Zu-lus, the Swazis, the Bechanes, the Tin-gas and the Gaikas trying to incite them fluencing only the Basutos.

> black men. Contact with the whites has best evidence that they did.' If one shot somewhat civilized them, but they are or snared a rabbit, he would cleap it, cut even now hardly better than savages. it in two down the back and hand half Their favorite weapon is the club or a to the other. If one found the wood and piece of stick heavily loaded at one end built a fire, the other, without a word.

> eastern border is the Caledon river, and hunt and never returned. He was prob that is known as the conquered territory. ably eaten by a wolf. If one kicked the It originally belonged to the Basutos. It dog, the other petted him and consoled has been suggested that the Boers have his injured feelings. Men often sleep to offered to give it back in return for any gether under the blankets in cold cli-service the nation may render them in mates for additional warmth. They slept

If you break a bit of your choice china. Make a solution of gum arabic, rather thick, and stir into it plaster of paris pared, as it bardens very quickly.

BABIES FOR BAIT.

How Crocodiles Are Caught In Afri-

en and Asia. These who are up in crocodile lore are well acquainted with the fact that in Asia and Africa babies are rented for bait to crocodile hunters, but there are other evening, who was boasting that few, unless they have had the actual experience, who would believe that a similar practice was in vogue in the south of Florida. It is a fact, however, as any ex-

perienced hunter will attest.

The alligator is like the crocodile in this espect. He likes to ent babies, not his own awkward offspring, but nice human babies, fat and dimpled. To obtain such a delicacy for his palate an alligator will travel far and risk much. This fact is so well known that it has become the practice for alligator or crocodile hunters t use babies as bait to lure the reptiles to their death.

A nice, fat baby is rented for the occasion from the cracker mother to whom a half dollar is ample recompense for the then taken to the shore of some pond of river, where it is attached to a stake by means of a stout cord that has been tied around its waist, while the hunter concents himself in the brushes or swan grass near the place. This method of treatment is usually too much for ever the self possession of a cracker baby. He is used to being neglected and even ill treated, but being tethered to a stake and then left alone is rather more than he i

willing to stand, and he voices his indig nation to the full extent of his lungs. This is just the part that he is expected to play in the game of alligator hunting. His voicing of his emotions so frantically il drilled and well uniformed in the prey a black, ugly head appears on the Herald.

water, the black, deadly eyes moving slowly from side to side as if searching for the vociferous infant. Up to this time he has been moving slowly, but as soon as he catches sight of the tempting morsel on the shore he increases his speed until he is moving very rapidly tovard the spot where the infant is raising his voice in loud lamentations.

It is this moment that tries the nerve of the bunter. The alligator has ever only for the screaming and kicking child. and the hunter realizes how important is the position in which he has placed himself. A miss would mean death for the baby; but, it is pleasing to record the fact, such misses are seldom made. On the other hand, some of the hunters are such crack shots that they allow the monster to come within a few feet of his prey before they send the single shot that causes instant death directly into his eye.

Dancing Age For Girls.

No girl should go to dancing parties until old enough to marry, and she ought to land a husband before she dances two There is nothing so pitiful as ing to every dance, shunned by the danc-Stabbing right and left with a strength ing dudes who prefer more attractive

> STRANGE ESTRANGEMENT. Partners in Suffering Refuse

Speak to Each Other. Henry Tibits and his partner, Angus McCullogh, an aged Scotchman, left St Paul April 20, 1869, intending to travel through the great Northwest Territories to the north Pacific ocean, most of the way on foot. For nearly three years they lived on their guns and fish nets and, aft er enduring terrible hardships, finally reached the Stickeen river Oct. 7, 1872, arrowly escaping another winter in th black wilderness.

But the strangest part of the who they were together in that vast wilde ness Tibits and McCullogh did not speak to each other. The old man became "cranky." Tibits stood it patiently for months, but such conduct could have only one result in time, and that was the espened, and night and day, for the remain



ing two years of their awful struggle During the past six weeks the Boers across the continent, they avoided look to action and so far have succeeded in in- stances in which they were situated could make progress without communication

The Basutos are a tall, strong race of but the fact that they got through is the would cook the supper. For awhile they had a dog until one day he went off to apart.

Morey and Marriage.

Is it a lack of money that keeps men you can mend it so the crack will show from marrying? This is the reason but very little and so strongly that it often advanced; and it seems to be jus cannot be broken again in the same tifled by the recent episode at Chicago place by a cement made as follows: where 50 couples rushed to take advantage of a free performance of the cere mony-how they were to live after until it becomes a thick cream. Apply mony-how they were to live after-to the broken edges with a brush, hold ward evidently being a less important together for a few minutes and set matter. Perhaps it is only in the higher away where it will not be touched for walks of life that the blessed estate three or four days. It can then be used of holy matrimony is avoided on finanwith impunity. Only the quantity de- cial grounds. Society demands more sired for immediate use should be pre- and more of those who belong to it, and young men in moderate circumstances dread the burden of a wife and family, preferring their own selfish pleasure. This may be deplorable, but it is hardly strange.- Providence Jour-

Too Hard For Bin.

A Frenchman at a certain hotel the he had thoroughly mastered the English language, was asked to write the

following dictation: "As Hugh Hughes was bewing a Yule log from a yew tree, a man, dressed in clothes of a dark hue, came up to Hugh and said. 'Have you seen my ewes? 'If you will wait until I hew this I will go anywhere in Europe with you to look for your ewes."

Money has been and always can be made more easily out of simple patented inventions than out of any investment or occupation.

Clement XI.

Killed by a Misprint. It is related of Alassandro Guido, a famous Italian poet and composer of the seventeeth century, that he died at Frascatl of apoplexy, brought on by his discovery of a typographical error in a finely printed copy of poems which he was on his way to present to Pope

It is a favorite occupation to de nounce the sons of wealthy men for being worthless. Yet their worthlessress soon scatters fortunes that might otherwise increase to the detriment of the general public. Ill is the wind that blows no one good.-St. Joseph

MELANCHOLIA



A DISORDERED LIVER CAUSES SAD THOUGHTS. WHEN THE NERVES ARE OVERSTRAINED BY WORK OR CARE, THE LIVER, STOMACH, KID-NEYS, IMMEDIATELY BECOME WEAKENED IN story is that for two of the three years THEIR ACTION AND THE BODY IS MADE FOUL AND UNHEALTHY WITH IMPURE BLOOD AND cherished. At first they revolted at the

Paine's

Celery Compound

FOR THE

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

THE WORLD'S REMEDY for Disease; restores these hasband's most trustworthy friends, hoping thus to come to a wise decision. But great nerve centres to healthy action. The blood is made clean, rich and in full quantity. Muscle tissues are nourished, invigorated, and the body is healthy. Immediate relief is given to the Melancholy.

Mrs. Jennie H. Steele, Vaughns, Ga., writes: "I have suffered for ten years with what the doctors call neuralgia of the liver, and never had any relief from the doctor's medicine, or anything the painter's widow was more undecided else until I began using Paine's Celery Compound. I have taken about three bottles and have not suffered any since I first began and she reflected as to confiding her anx-

"I feel that it has saved my life and hope all who suffer as I they were reasonable and worthy of approbation, she could intrust the future to have will give Paine's Celery Compound a fair trial."

A WOMAN.

God did not make her very wise. But carved a strangeness round her mouth; And on her face, for all to see, . The seal of awful tragedy.

God did not make her very fair, But white and little and strange and sweet; A subtle fragrance in her hair, A slender swiftness in her feet, and in her hands a slow caress, God made these for my steadfastness

Sod did not give to her a heart, But there is that within her face To make men long to muse spart Until they goodness find and grace And think to read and worship there od, set she is scarcely fair.

-A. B. Miall in New York Tribune.

"THE LOST CHORD."

How Sir Arthur Sullivan Came to Write That Famous Melody. Colonel Robert E. Lee Wentling, a great traveler and musican, tells the

following interesting story: "It was while visiting the house of a nobleman in England that I first heard the story of the birth of 'The Lost Chord,' a song that has been sung in every quarter of the globe and which will live forever. If ever there was such a thing as inspiration, that song was inspired.

"There are very tew Englishmen who do not remember Fred Sullivan, the great comic star and brother of Sir Arthur Sullivan. He played in all the original Gilbert and Sullivan operas and has never been equaled. He was later followed by George Grossmith.

"One day Sir Arthur Sullivan was notified that his brother Fred was very ill. He made every effort to reach the house where his brother was lying at the point of death, but arrived too late to see him alive. The two brothers were devoted to each other, and the blow was a bitter one for Sir Arthur. He was closeted with the body of his brother for two hours, at the expiration of which time he came down smooth if we let the dirty baists in? stairs and went to the piano. Throwing the instrument open, he began to Tribune. play, and, bar by bar, "The Lost Chord" was evolved. The composer sadly put his new composition on paper and stored it away.

"The song is the wail of a throbbing heart, the grief of desolation. All through its beautiful harmony can be heard the strain of grief. So profound

an impression did the association of the song with the death of his brother make on Sir Arthur that he is said to have, even at this late day, an aversion broaching the subject to her son News.

tralto singer and evangelist, had an ex-perionce in the Bombay presidency. Marcel and Janine meanwhile India, which is as quaint as any of premely happy. The young painter used Kipling's tales of the hills. She was campaigning with Pundita Ramatai, and through her magnificent voice was ery. Their repasts and promenades were drawing thousands of natives to her always taken in each other's society, with meetings. They had never seen that kind of a missionary before and had but vigilant. Then, when evening came never heard a voice like hers. They and at about 11 o'clock, Marcel would were so pleased with her work that regain the little room on an adjoining they said to themselves:

"This is a foreign woman guru, and for fear of giving offense to us she has omitted to put her begging bowl outside of her door for us to put in the customary contributions."

In India every guru, or holy person, carries a brass, wood or clay begging bowl, into which the devout put some small sum of money. Mmc. Sterling walked out upon the veranda of ner bungalow one morning, and there, to her amazement, found two begging bowls-one, a little one, with a few an-nas in it, intended for the pundita and gether. She then realized that the deone, an enormous affair, containing a handsome sum of annas and rupees for

The only explanation she could ever extract from the servant was this: "Little bowl, little money for the little pundita with little voice; big bowl, big money for big missahib with big voice."-Saturday Evening Post.

In the Golden Future Park Policeman-Kape out! Yez can't come in here wid that horse! The Other Man-Why not?

"It's agin the rules. How can we kape the pairk clane an the roadways Dhrive out o' here now!"-Chicago

Biggs-Why did you shoot your watchdog? Wasn't he any good? Boggs-Too good. He refused to let my wife's rich uncle come near the house, and the old gentleman swears he will disinherit as .-- New York Jour-

Entirely Too Zealous.

RISING And other painful and serious ailments which so many mothers suffer, can be avoided by the use of "MOTHER'S FRIEND." This remedy is a God-send to women, because it carries them through their most critical BREAST orded with perfect safety and no pain. No woman who uses "Mother's Friend" used fear the suffering and danger of

MOTHER'S horror and insures safety to mother and child. Our book, "Before Baby is Born," is worth its weight in gold to every woman, and will be sent free in plain envelope by Bradfield FRIEND Regulator Company, Atlanta, Ga.

AGE OF LOVE. BY MICHAEL CORDAY.

DAWN OF THE

The celebrated painter Milste during his last days looked with foudness to ward two youthful beings-his daughter Janine and his pupil, Marcel Jacquemin. the was still but a young girl, in all the budding grace and fairness of her 15 summers. Marcel had attained his eighteenth year, an orphan, whom chance had thrown in Milate's path, and the latter had been instantly struck by the boy's talent and persuaded him to study art.

Janine and Marcel loved each other with youthful fervor and absolute ten derness, which was both ardent and de lightful, but where desire did not enter. A project was thus awakened in the

father's heart and so forcibly impressed itself on his mind that it speedily became a species of consolation for all the agony he was compelled to endure. wished Marcel and Janine to marry, he desired to unite the child of his flesh to the one of his intellect and thereby to be revivined in them, and he passionately nged for the realization of his desires. He felt that his days were numbered, inasmuch as the crisis in his illness was fast approaching, the attacks were more equent and of greater duration, and he trembled at the thought that he might not live to execute his unique idea and sire. Then his morbid condition came to his aid and suggested the following stratagem: Marcel and Janine had attained the age when the law would permit them to marry even if nature and reason had not yet sufficiently matured them, and they could therefore be united by the sacred rites of the church, and yet their positions could remain unchanged until the time when they all would have considered it propitious for the union had he not been menaced by this frightful fear. The grim monster of death could then assail him, and be abould disappear with the certainty of baving left happiness behind him. Milate accordingly revealed his plan to

thought of there being any necessity to take such a hasty step. But Mme. Mi-late invariably bent to her husband's will, and the youthful couple were sway-ed equally by anxiety and delight. The double ceremony of church and state was therefore quietly performed, and the painter assisted, although in great agony. Then, as if he had strained his powers and endurance to the utmost limit, he died eight days after the date of the union he had effected. After the first pangs of her sorrow had

been allayed Mme. Milate was troubled as to how and when she should authorize the young people to begin their new life, "What moment or day would be the auspicious one?" she mused, and how might she make it clear to them? Marriage regulated and foresaw so much, but this was an exceptional case, and she keenly felt the responsibility of her posi-

She consulted those who had been her the young couple waiting still for the succeeding ten years. Others consented to reducing the period to seven, five or three, as if it were a question of military service. Some who thought but of sentiment urged the speedy union, and they cited Daphne and Chloe as examples. There were still more who affirmed that all depended on their dispositions. The friends who had fondly dreamed of their

than before.

Then her thoughts reverted to Marcel, leties to him. She could question him as to his opinions on this serious subject. It him. She could enter into a sort of compact with him that he would undertake to execute. He could swear, and she would thus be relieved of all surveillance and concern. However, she was ever dis mayed over the abnormal character of the situation and fearful of openly to hearing it performed."-Baltimore Thus she waited looking to and yet fear ful of what chance might offer and longing for some sudden inspiration that

would be advantageous to her children Mme. Antoinette Sterling, the con- and at the same time make all raillery the easel and brushes of his master and worked in Janine's presence, while she would occupy berself with some embroid-Mme. Milate ever near at hand, discreet,

> street which he had occupied since his marriage. And thus their existence passed fraught with infinite happiness and so strong a confidence in the future that words seemed useless, while Mme. Milate would silently long that it might thus be indefi

A year passed in this way, and then a difference became apparent to the mother, a difference which gave ber an uncertain tranquillity. Janine and Marcel were verging into maturity. One day, when returning to the studio after a brief absence, she surprised them in each other' nonement was near at hand. The uninter rupted surveillance fatigued her and, Should she simply close her eyes, she mused, but in that case some dis tion would be necessary. She would have to ignore the truth, and in that way her misapprehension might be prolonged. Then followed a time when she longed that the young people might take the initiative themselves. Her unuttered prayer was bearkened to, for on a winter' night, when a snowstorm was raging fu riously without, Janine took compassi upon poor Marcel, who was lamentably preparing to depart. She opened the ash, then quickly closed it and mur-

"It is too cold for you to leave tonight. Thus it was that Janine and Marcel had attained the age to love.-Translated

LONGFELLOW'S ADVICE. Kindness Was the Keynote of the Poet's Character.

Mme, de Navarro gives some charm

ing pictures of Longfellow in "A Few Memories." She says that every con versation with him led to some good result. His first advice to her was "See some good picture-in nature if the best music or read a great poem | tions? Turn 'em over to the cook."

daily. You will always find a free half

hour for one or the other, and at the

end of the year your mind will shine

with such an accumulation of jewels

as to astonish even yourself." The poet was fond of a good, anus ing story and had many to tell out of his own experience. He was particularly delighted at the ingenuity of an

who, vaunting the "murvelous offeets" of his drug, no doubt in the hope of inspiring the poet, invited him to write a verse for the label, promising him a use of the medicine for himself and Yet, ah, that spring should vanish with the rose,

family. On one of his birthdays he was astonished at seeing a wagon containing a plano drive up to his house, followed by a strange young lady in a carriage. The young lady informed the housekeeper that she wished the piano to be put in a room where it would "sound well." as she had composed a piece of music in honor of the poet's birthday and meant to play it to him on her own instrument.

Longfellow was a great lover of music, and Wagner appealed to him there. He generally arrived before us, armed with flowers and full of delightful anticipations. On one of these occasions some one sent a magnificent bouquet to our box. Not knowing the donor, I did not take it up. He insisted on my doing so.

and take up these beautiful flowers. It will gratify the giver, who is no doubt in the house. Try never to miss an opportunity of giving pleasure. It will make you happier and better."

Kindness was the keynote of his character. No inconvenience to himself was too great if a good turn to any one was at the end of it.

AMERICA'S FIRST GEORGE. He Tried to Run Away From His Admirers.

Washington was not churlish, but he had that preference for being unobserved that develops at times into a longing in a man whose life is spent in public. He guitted the Macomb bouse on the morning of Aug. 30, 1790. The servants were instructed to steal away at dawn, to have the carriages and luggage over the ferry at Paulus Hook by sunrise. By candlelight, Mrs. Washington, the children and the secretaries

assembled in the morning room. The president entered, pleased with his stratagem. He was enjoying in prospect his concealed departure. Immediately under the window suddenly struck up on the still morning air the blaring, vigorous notes of an artillery band. From the highways and byways scurrying people appeared. To witness his first step outside the door a thousand goggling, affectionate eyes watch-

"There!" cried the general, in half comic despair-I cannot think altogether displeased. "It's all over; we are found out. Well, well! They must have their own way."

It was the "general" they waited to see, not the president. They lined the roadway from house to barge, recording every movement in observant brains. (A distinguished man can never know which of his audience is to be his biographer. It may be one of the "supers" on the stage rolling off the carpets.) The thunder of artillery could not drown the living shout that rose from the throats of the people as Washington was borne off with the rise and fall of the oars gleaming in the cheerful sun. His voice trembled as he bade the assembled crowd farewell. Though chary of appealing to it, the love of the people never failed to

move him deeply.-Harper's Magazine. A Banker's Generosity.

In a chapter of reminiscences of Von an alive, and you see me. Are you Bunsen and his friends, in The Century, the Hon. John Bigelow tells this anecdote of Humboldt:

One day he was dining with Mendelssohn, the banker, and, an unusual thing for him, was very silent. His host, remarking it, observed to Humboldt that he was sure he must be fil.

"No," said Humboldt. "but I am in They were pale roses." He spoke algreat trouble. Only ten minutes before most as to himself as he walked soundleaving my apartment to come here I received from my landlord a note informing me that he had sold the house in which I reside and that I must move. The very thought drives me to despair. I really cannot bear to move

again." Mendelssohn gradually led Humboldt into conversation, during which he found time to write a note and receive an answer to it. He then took Humboldt aside, and said: "By this note ! learn that I am now the owner of the house in which you reside. The coudition, however, upon which I have be come its possessor is that you continue to occupy your apartment in it as long

Modern Medicine says that goat's milk, centrary to the general impression, differs from cow's milk not in be ing more digestible, but in being less digestible and less nutritious, although it contains a larger amount of solid matter than cow's milk. It is indeed the most indigestible of all milk. Goat's milk has a peculiar and unpleas ant odor and flavor, due to bircle acid. or bircine. It contains an excess of fat and is therefore altogether too rich for an infant's diet.

A Hasty Reply.



crults?" asked the Pacific Islander. "Raw recruits?" echoed the chief ab sentmindedly. "What's the use of possible, or on canvas-hear a page of bothering me with such foolish ques-

Merely Sounded the Alarm "He is a brave man," said one Parisian the twisted forms of fossils, we may discitizen as the personage who fights duels cover the agitations and tortures of in the newspapers passed. in the newspapers passed.
"A very brave man," answered the other. "I have known him to call out a dozen men in one day!

A BLIGHTED MIND

Alwys did not assist in the parish. There were so many women who did that kind of thing-women who had once been

quite young. Alan arrived. He was the new doctor who had bought old Mansell's practice. For a brief throbbing period church work ceased to be all engrossing to certain of the congregation from whose waiting hearts all hope had not yet faded, as leaves on the decay of summer, for whom all possibilities were not yet ended.

But from the beginning Oakwood saw strongly. We heard several operas to- only Alwys. He loved her devoutly when gether in Boston after my engagement first he beheld her one May evening in the old church, sitting in an overcrowder pew and dressed in black (a shabby black, if he had noticed), with radiant eyes fixed, it seemed to him, on the stained window above the altar. It was a poor specimen of a stained window-a sentimental St. Peter dragged an impossib "Put down my simple ones" he said. trained choir droped with their own ac cent, "'Owly, 'Owly, 'Owly!" The schoolmaster organist blundered on the pedals, as usual. Alan wondered much at the fervor of the young girl, rapt as some virgin visionary of old time. For himself he had come only to be seen, which is necessary for the country doctor.

Love grew like a flower in the sun-

shine. They were intensely happy, and Alwys' parents were pleased. It was a complacent relief to them, for the child was delicate and by nature unfitted to do battle.

And so the early summer passed, a glad

procession of quickly speeding days, and

the joy in their hearts was overwhelming, so that they marveled at their own happiness. It was perfect.

But the time was short, for one day as Alan rode out along the Northbank road to an urgent case of diphtheria in a house beyond the town he met a gypsy caravan creaking slowly along the road to Hildon fair. His quiet old hack grew measy and restive at its approach. When the yellow painted van drew near, the warm smell of the bear's pelt and the low vibrating growl sent Bruce mad with panic. There was no holding him. Half a mile farther on he crashed

killed instantly. Alan was carried back to Hildon Alwys did not cry; only the faint color left her cheeks, and the light died from her face. The night of the burial it rained, and then she wept for the first time. She feared for him under the

into a stone wall. Horse and rider were

etimes she would meet a villager whose bright "good morning" she passed unheedingly, and sometimes little brown birds would flutter in her path, and, cheeping, fly away unnoticed, for she had eyes that saw not and ears that heard not. At night she slept ill, but sat crouching in a chair through the dark hours, and when the birds sang early in the morning she rose and went out. The fresh sounds of summer were a vacant silence and the gladness of the day as nothing to her. Everything had ceased to be extinguished in her duli

And only a week before she had been alive. The man was coming toward her. The way be vaulted the stile caused her heart to beat more quickly. He came swiftly to where she stood, trembling, irre "Are you not glad to ree me?" be asked. His face was strangely white, though not more so than her own, and his voice

was thin.
"Alan!" she cried, starting forward on a heart throb, and then drawing back. "But you are dead! They buried you six-seven days ago."
"I am not dend," he said in a low voice.

forehead, puzzled "But you did die," she repeated in her

shadowy monotone. "You were thrown from your horse-don't you remember?" She shuddered. "And you placed flowers in the coffin

lessly by her side. She turned toward "Tell me the meaning of it. Alan!" She stretched forth ber bands to touch

him, but he onickly drew away. "The time is not yet," he said "Are you dead?" she asked, her eye "My body lies in Hilden churchvard

covered with moist earth, and there are

owers planted on my grave-white roses

in the black mold. And I live." "And where are you and what do you "I am in the strange land," he said A transparent silence fell

them. The next moment be had passed from her view. With a quick, light step she ran almost to her home. They gazed in wonderment It was as if she had been raised from the dead. Engerly she explained, and

their expressions changed.

She persisted in her statements.

"See!" she cried. "You will believe me ow. Here is his handkerchief; be dropped it, and I picked it up. In happy triumph she held

ect in her hand. "Good God!" said the gray baired cu-

It was a fallen leaf.

But afterward she saw him often and many were the sweet conversations they They had taken her away from the white village to a great brown house where all treated her with a pitiful kindness, and grave booking men asked often after her health. Not unseldom her rela tives came to see her, and she would talk brightly to them of Alan and laugh happily. She could not understand why they wept.-West End.

"It makes me tired," said the young man-"these advertisements guaranteeing to teach a person bookkeeping for \$10."

"But can't it be done?" was asked. "Not on your life! Why, I spent six months and over \$100 to learn the art. and what do you suppose happened at the close of the first year?"

"Got your figures mixed?" "Well, I should smile! There was a discrepancy of \$700 between the cashbook and my ledger, and my father had to make it good, while I hunted for auother fob!"-Brooklyn Citizen.

Not a blade of grars but has a story to tell, not a heart but has its romance, not a life that does not hide a secret is either its thorn or its spur. Every-where grief, hope, comedy, tragedy, even of poets and preachers; it strips the senies from our fieshly eyes and gives us a clear view into human life; it opens to the ear a world of unknown melodies and "Impossible!"
"Yes. They were members of the fire makes us understand the thousand landepartment."—Washington Star.

the ear a world of unknown melodies and makes us understand the thousand languages of nature.—H. F. Amiel.